Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath?
Enter Darby.
How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for herkeeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.
King. Darst thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.
King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the tower.
Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
King. Thou singst sweete musicke. Come hither Tirrill,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare, *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say it is done
And I will loue thee, and prefere thee too.
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.
King. Shall we heare from thee Tirrell, ere we sleepe?
Enter Buckingham.
Tir. Ye shall my Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demaund that you did sound me in.
King. Well, let that passe, Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. *Stanly* he is your wiues sonne. Wel, looke to it.
Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your fath is pawnd,
The Earledome of Herfort and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.
King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.
Buc. What sayes your highnesse to my iust demaund?
King. As I remember, *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A king perhaps, *Buck.* My Lord.
King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.
Buck. My Lord, your promise for the Earldome,
King. Richmond, when last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.49) Octavo